



DOUBLE BILL

70
PENCE!

JONNNY LIMBO!



BY BOB LYNCH

KILL SAV!



JONNY LIMBO

BY BOB LYNCH

OOF!
★ BIFF!
ARH!



Hah, you may be a good fighting fellow, but not good enough to beat Jonny Limbo!



URK!



My Golly, you've killed him! That's illegal, you know.



You're so right, let's go and meet Mr. Huge so we can talk about it, Punk!



Oh

My

God

Splat!



Come on, Mate, I was only here to keep a lookout for Mr. Limbo. Let me go, please.



Don't come the innocent with me, you wasn't 30 floors up just for the view, not one that boring.



Somebody broke in last night and killed a guard, killed me best mate Marty, in fact!



Now get in and meet the gang. Well I thought it was a nice view.



I found this chap and his chum outside, I sent his chum flying.



Yeah, we saw him. Thump this one until he tells us what they were doing out there, then kill him.



Ahh, now don't you go hurting your hands on my silly little body, let me tell you my story.





What are you doing bursting in through doors? I sent you on a 30 floor fall to a messy death.



You started me on my fall, Pal, but it was more than 30 floors. Grab hold of yer cockles while I tell you me tale.



I knew things were going weird when I continued to fall long after hitting the pavement.



Well, here it comes, the big slam, the great splat, the mortal squelch. And about time too.



IF I knew it was this hard to die I'd have taken up hard drugs, fast women and strong coffee a long time ago.



Right, so I hit the pavement,
went through the Earth's crust
and landed in hell, make's sense.



Erm,
Hello.

I'm Panto, your guide to Limbo.
Sorry not to meet you as soon
as you died, but nevermind...



I'll get you through assesment
and relocation in no time at all.
You just follow me, Mr. Limbo.



Yep, this is where your past
deeds will be assessed so that
we can decide your future.



Uhm..you know.. do you go up
or d-down.. that sort of thing.



Now you just go and sit down
with the other souls while
we find your files.



Uh..uhm..
Mr. Limbo.

You see, we've been transferring
data from our filing system
onto computer discs and..



Uhm..well.. some data has gone
missing, including yours and...
ah..well..uhm..that's to say..



You
don't
exist.

What do you mean, I don't exist?
If I've a tickly nose, don't I sneeze?
If I've an itchy bum, don't I scratch?



Yes, but without your records
we won't know how to treat you,
and we can't have uncertainty
where Heaven and Hell is con-
cerned. I mean, our authority
will be undermined and...



Don't give me that bosh! If you
don't know what to do with me
then put me back in the land
of the living!



Yeah, that would get you out of
our way while we sort out your
records. Off you go now, Jonny.



Whoops, looks like I'm back. I think
I'd better nip down and rescue
my assistant before he dies.



And that's the story. Now, if you
don't mind, my friend and I wish
to honour a prior engagement.



Well I'm not impressed, not one bit.
You can't make me forget your
killing of my mate Mart by telling
us a stupid story like that.



And now you
must die!



Erm...I think they do mean to kill us, Mr. Limbo. Can't you do some killy stuff before they do?



There's no need to, Pal, there is yet another strand to this tale which will clear up this mess.



Hold on a tick, I have something to tell you. The vile secret of Marty's murder, the evil that lurks behind life's facade.



Oh goddy, not again! Kill him quick before he bores us to death with his stories.



Let him have his say. If he can give us proof of his innocence then let him go, if not....



Thank you, Fredd. Well, as you know I had to wait in Limbo after you punched me to my death.



While waiting for them to find my records, boredom led me into conversation with a fellow soul.



Yeah, as I was saying, I'm sure that I'm headed for Hell. With the things I've done there's no other destination waiting for me.



Me and my friend Fredd were taken on by The Huge Corporation as economic bodyguards.



We were told of an evil cult of poor people who steal cash from innocent multinational companies.



Once they have the money, they splurge it on beer and fags, two of the most deadly drugs ever.



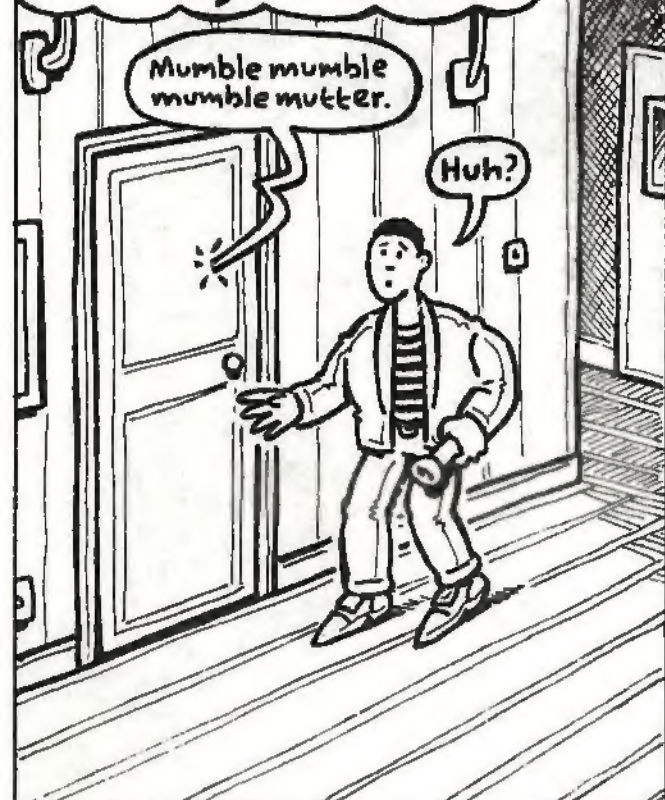
We hunted them down, making them return their ill-gotten loot by use of threats and force.



Sometimes this was not enough and we had to resort to means of a more drastic nature.



Then last night I was doing my stint of night duty, patrolling the headquarters, when...

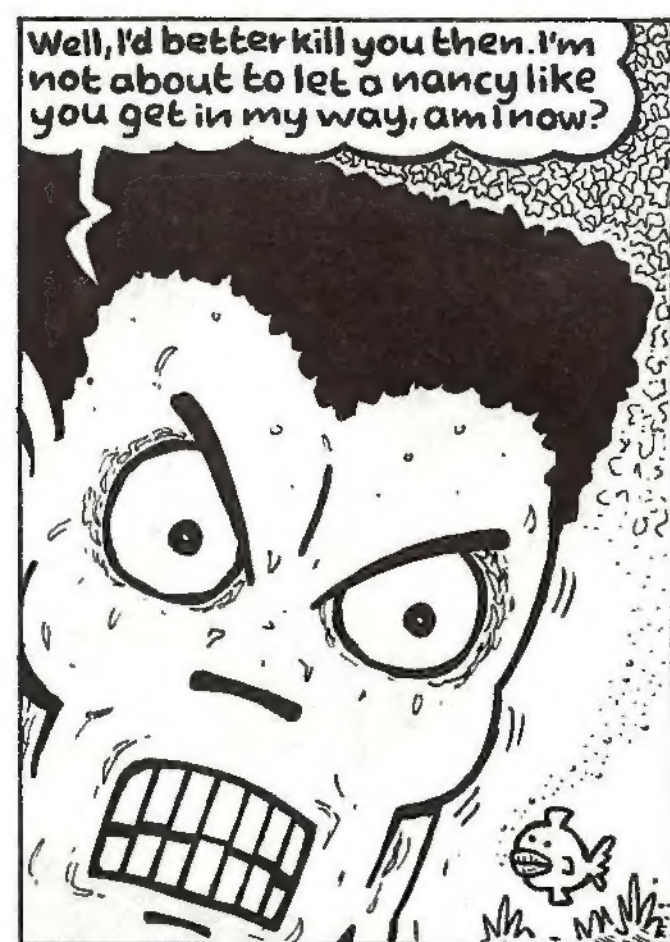


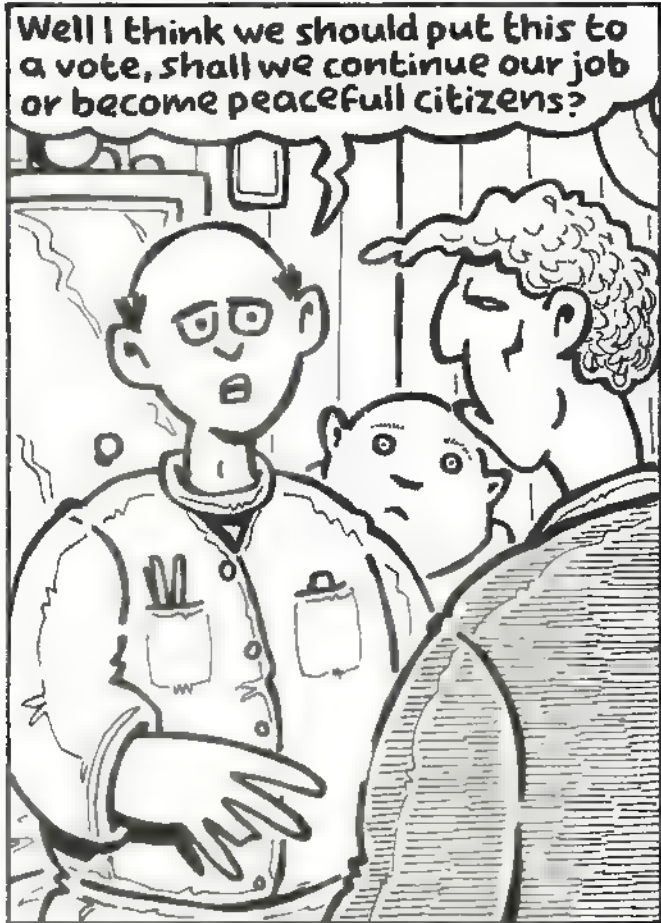
Heh heh, I've tricked the lads into collecting the money from our clients, this loanshark game is really taking off. Hur hur.

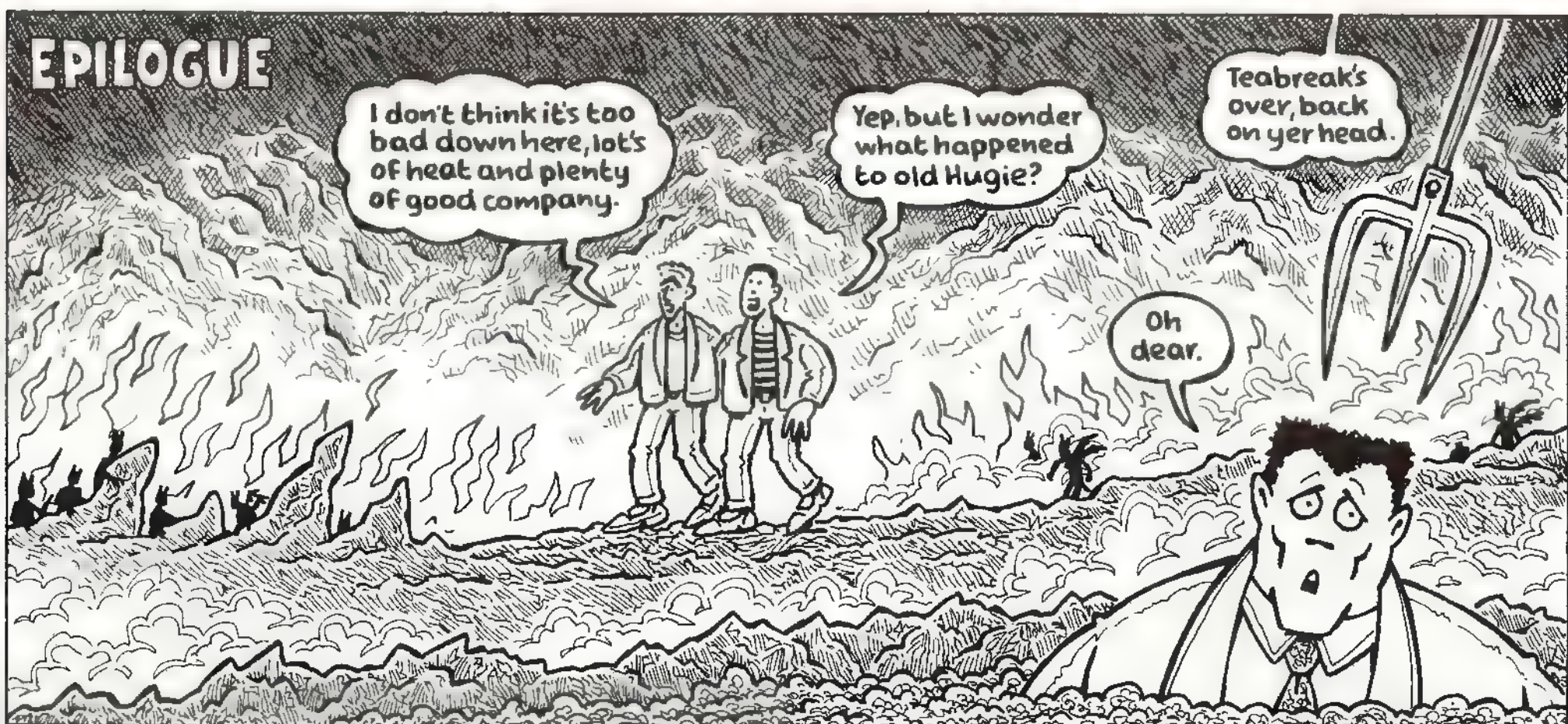
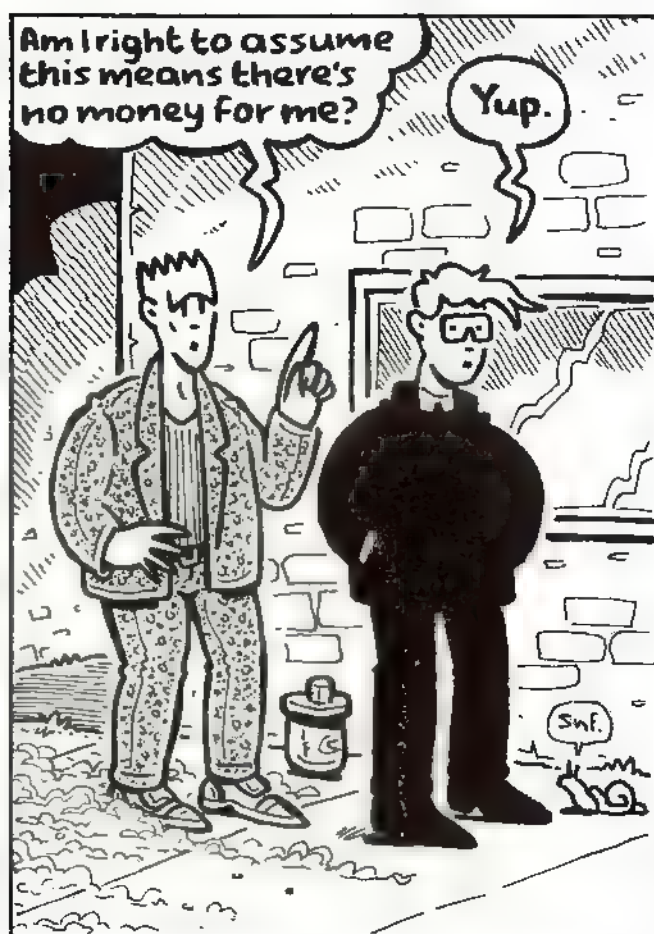


You bastard, you've turned us into killers of innocents, I'm going to tell the cops, just you see!









KILLSAW!

BY BOB LYNCH

Why?

Tic, tic, tic,
tic, tic, tic,
tic, tic, tic,

tic, tic, tic,
tic, tic, tic,
tic, tic, aha.

ZZZZ

It's half seven. Time to
get Sav up and out.

WAKE UP! YOU SLEEPY
HEAD! GET UP! GET
OUT OF BED!

Uh..right. Give me some
news while I wash, Ron.
Make it local, not global.

Something local, hmmm.
It's mainly wars and
giant lizards but...

How about this? The Hip
Pocket Fan Club have
issued a death sen-
tence against...

MR. SAV
SADNESS!

Wha?

It seems that they wish
to punish you for your
remarks last night.

What are you going on
about? What are these
remarks that I've....

Wait a bit, now I remem-
ber what happened last
night in Zippy's bar...

where I consumed six
pints of diet vodka.

BOO!

HAHAHAHURHAHURHAH!
Boy, am I drunk or has
reality gone wacky?



I'd say reality's wacky,
Sav. I mean, take the
pop chart's new top.



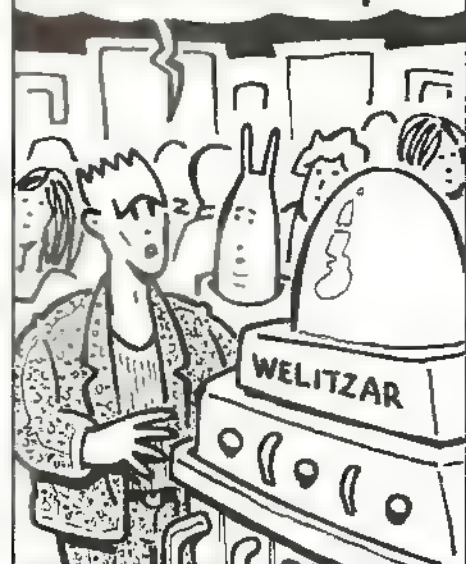
Oh hecky, don't remind
me of him. Hip Pocket,
the singing squib.



Pardon me for butting
in, but who is this Hip
Pocket chappie?



Oh yes, I forgot that you
just arrived from Mars.
Let this Holo Box explain.



Humming..nuhrr..tck!
Hi, this is 24A. 'Touch a
Heart' by Hip Pocket.
Nnnn...bt!



Don't be smart,
touch a heart,
find a love
& never part.



Please be true,
love me too,
I love love
& so do you.



Oh no, that's quite
enough, thank you.



See what I mean? That
showed that music
hasn't just died...



it's also put on a stupid
haircut and launched
a last attempt at
desperate hipness.



This tepid water has
more sexual force
than old Hip Dick...



but for some reason
he's taken the love-
starved hearts of
our young girls.



Get your hand off me
and shut up about Hip
or I'll kill you dead!

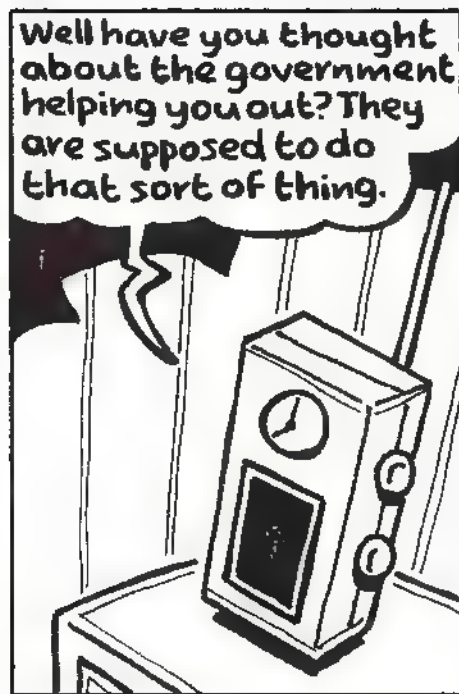


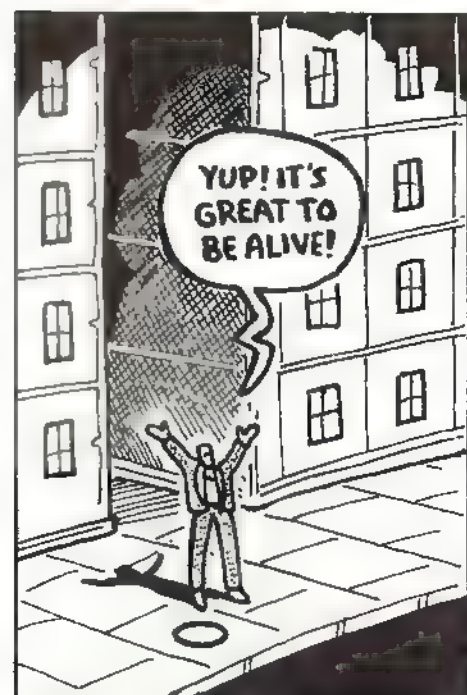
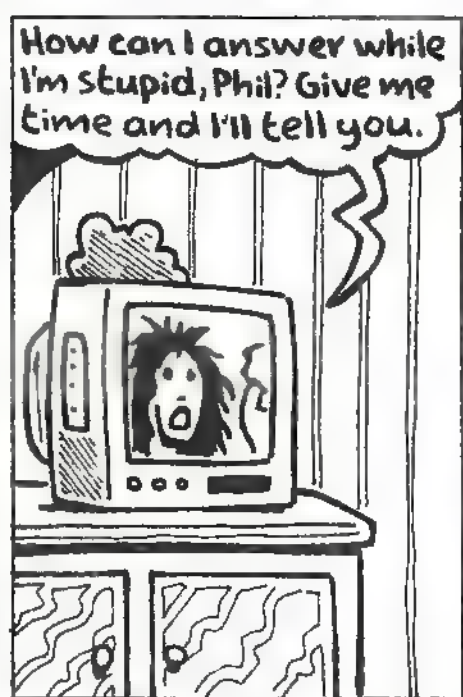
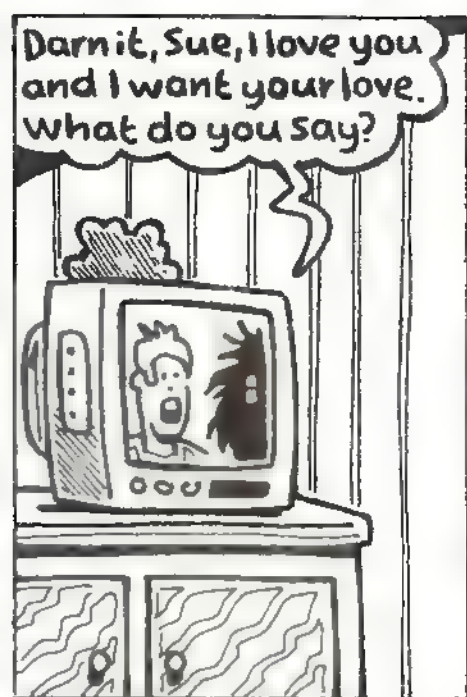
Oh come on, dearie. No
point in getting het up
over old droopy-drip.

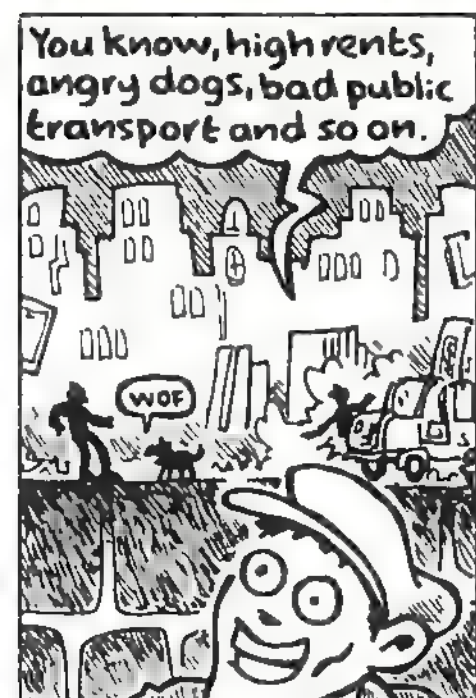
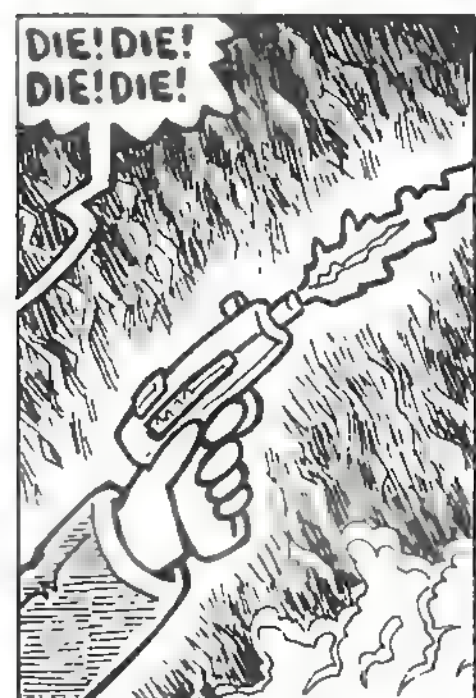


That does it, old Fart,
you've just bought
a death sentence!

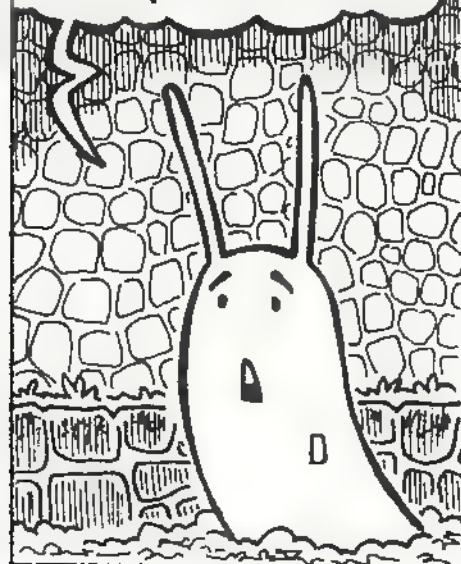








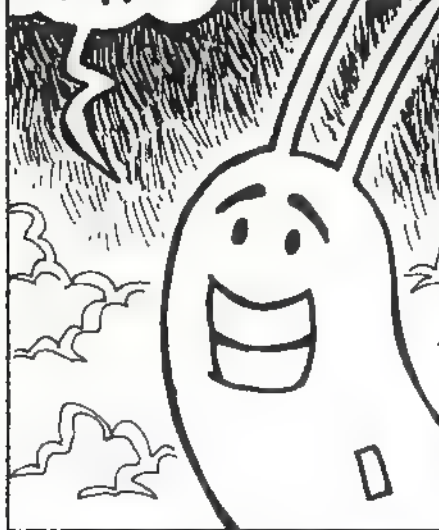
And not only is the water lousy for drinking, but T.V. reception's bad too.



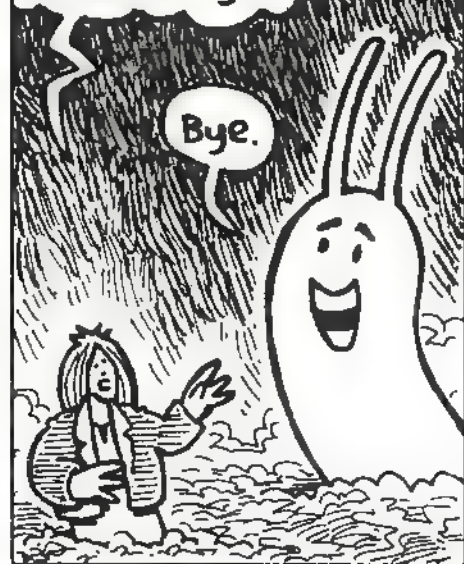
Well, if I'd known you had to live under these conditions I'd have acted different.



Don't worry, us sewer-slugs heal fast. Are you sure you don't fancy a cuppa?



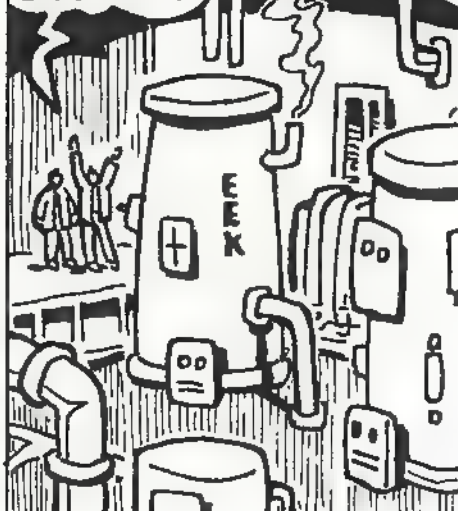
No, I can't, sorry. I've got this manhunt to get back to. Bye.



Oh bloody heck! There goes my Christmas Bonus.



I've only gone and spilt a whole bunch of pure explosive liquid down the sink.



Oh..we've done that sorta thing before. Remember the slugs?



Yeah..I panic too much. I just hope nobody fires a gun down in the sewers.



Aha..I think I can hear them now, I'd better get me gun firing.



Look here, girly, you push off. I've got to get to work.



The soiled honour of Hip Pocket must be avenged! Now!



Oi! Ow! Get off me leg right this minute!



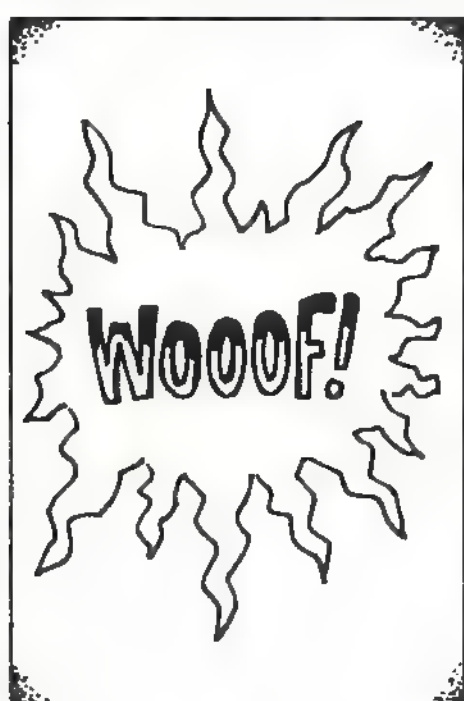
Hah! I've got you this time, Sadness, I'll eat you to death.

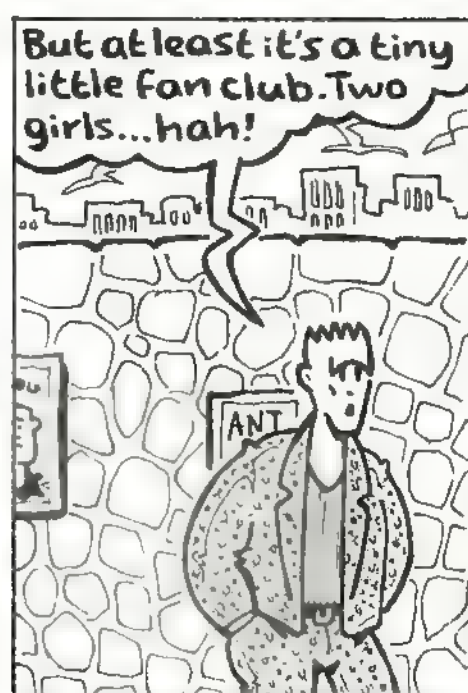
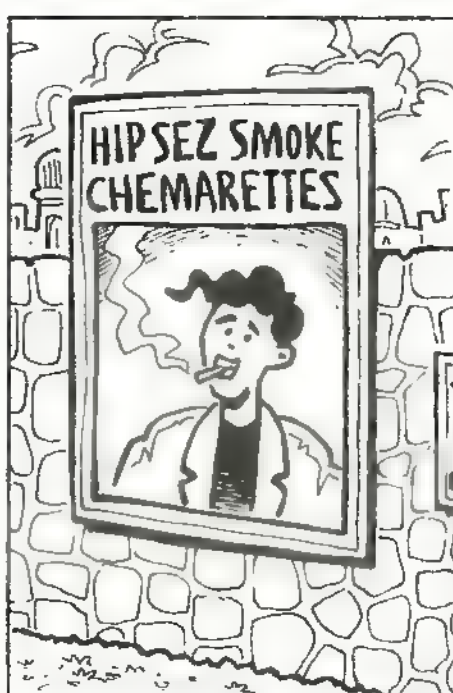
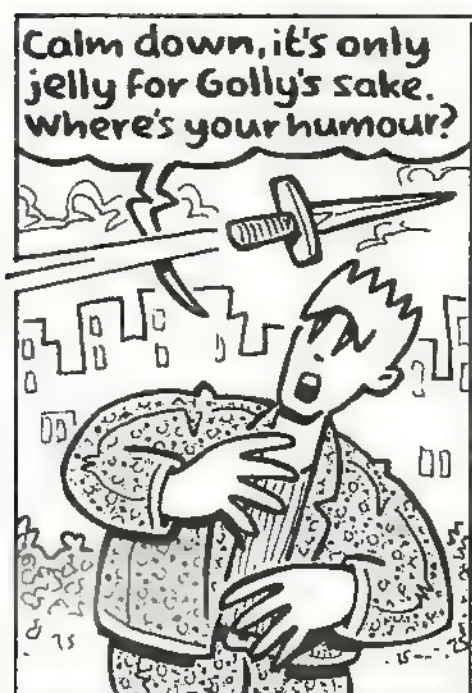
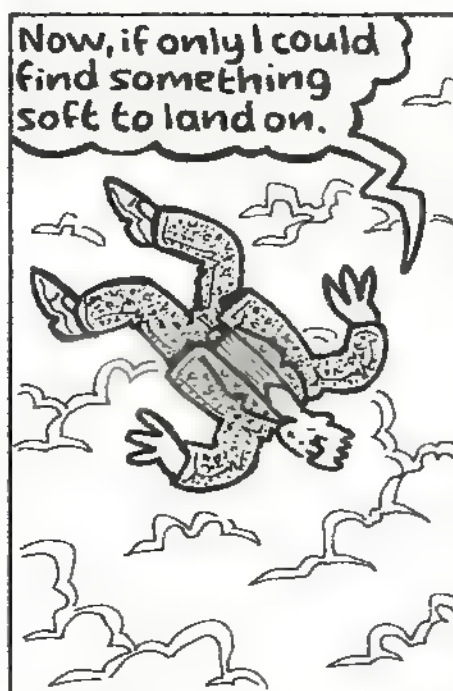
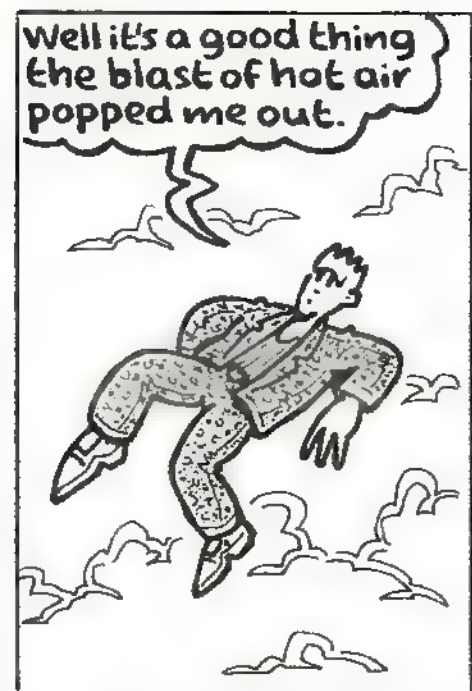
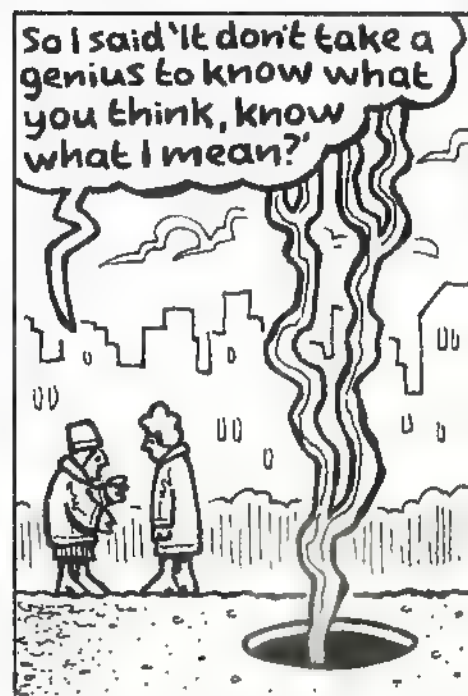


Oh pee off! I'm going upstairs!

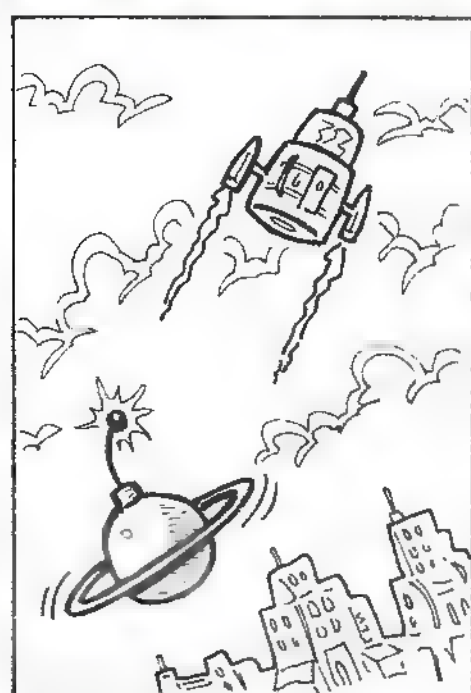
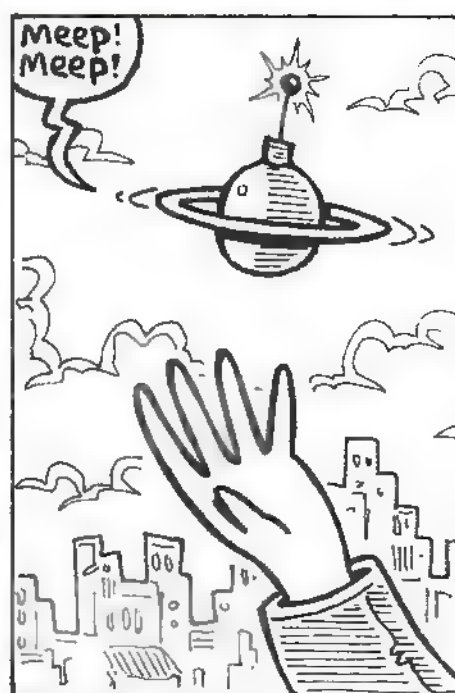
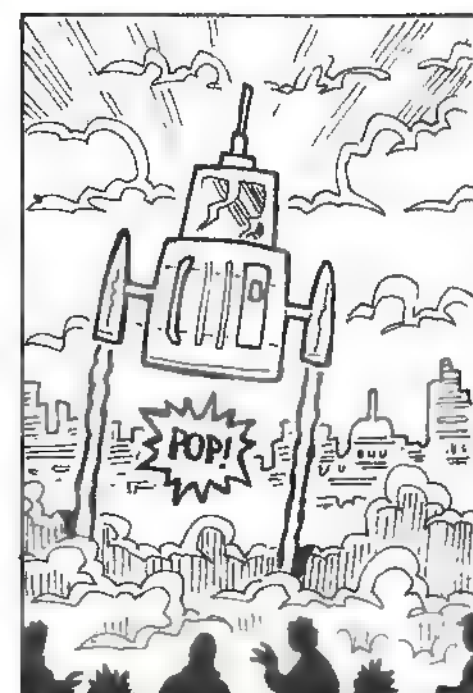
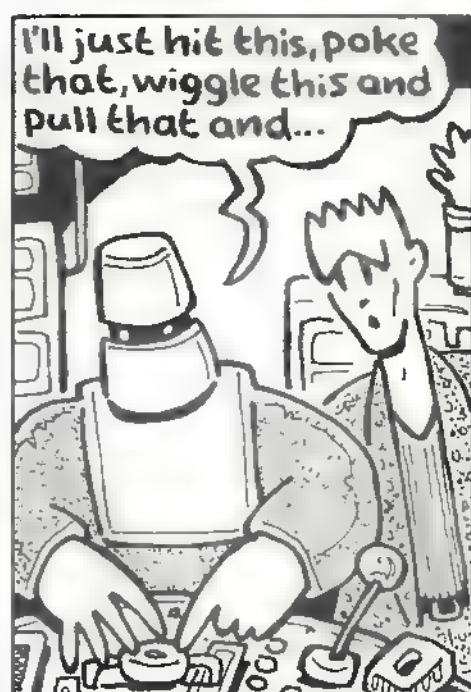


Oh no! Emma One! Eat flaming lead, grown-up scum!









But I thought you were out to kill me, I've soiled your honour, ain't I?



Oh, you didn't insult me, you insulted my public image. No skin off my nose, but if this helps.



Never, ever insult me! Never, ever insult my songs! And shut it!



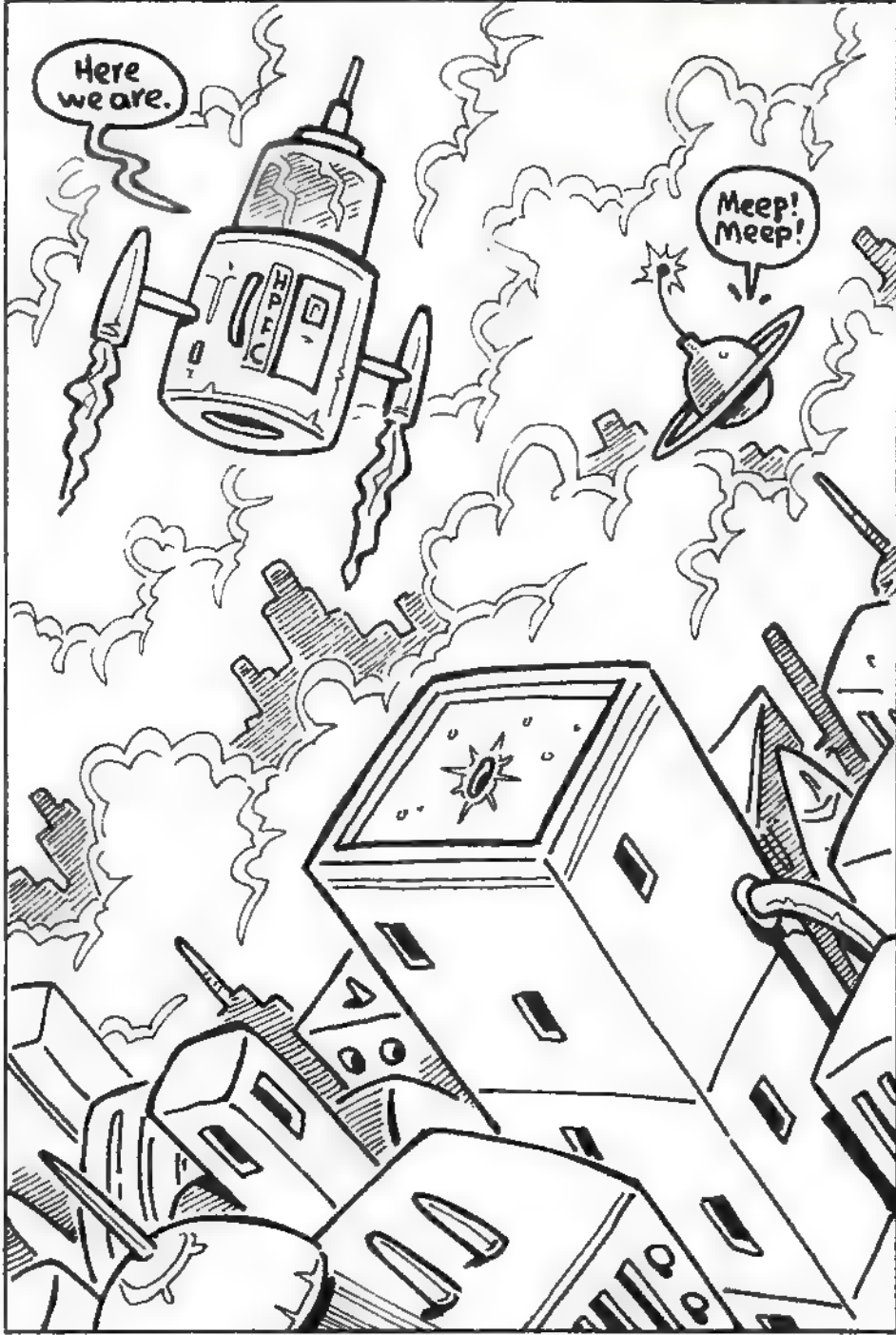
Now then, let's find The Chemarette Tower and end this madness.



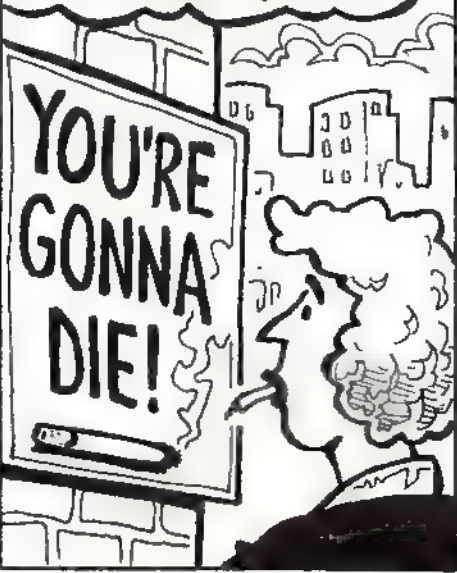
You see, Sav, Chemspil have had difficulties in disposing of their toxic waste recently.



They then decided to turn it into tobacco. So smokers incinerate it, and pay the costs.



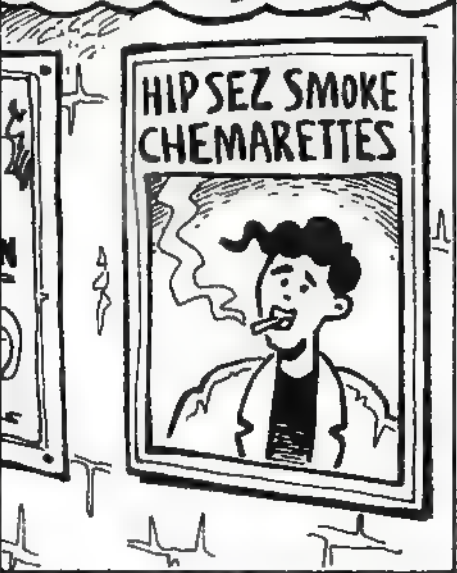
Unfortunately the anti-smoking lobby began to slash their profits.



So they targetted a new market, they hit the teenage female.



They used me, a top pop performer, to promote their packaged poison.



My multitude of fans turned Chemarettes into a financial success...until.

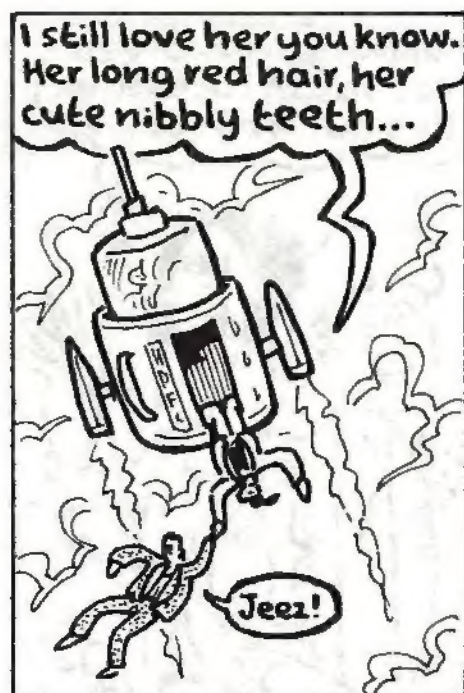
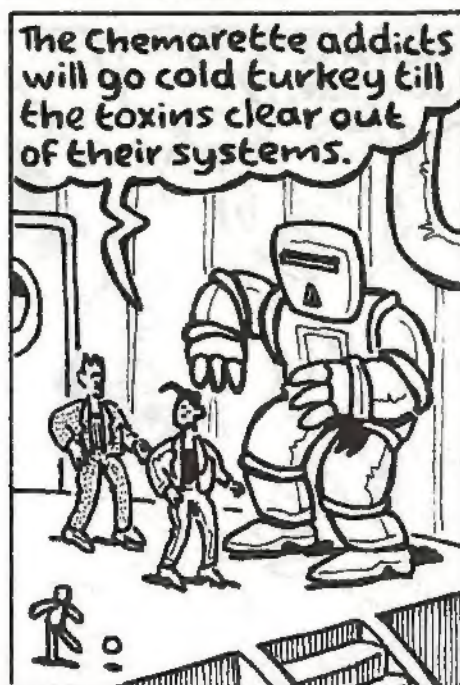
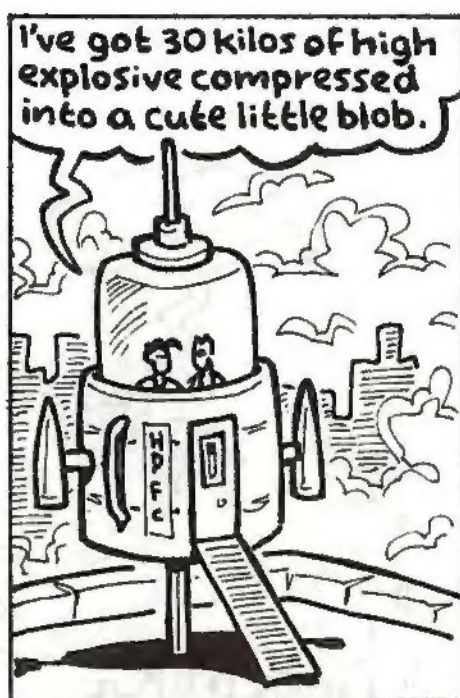


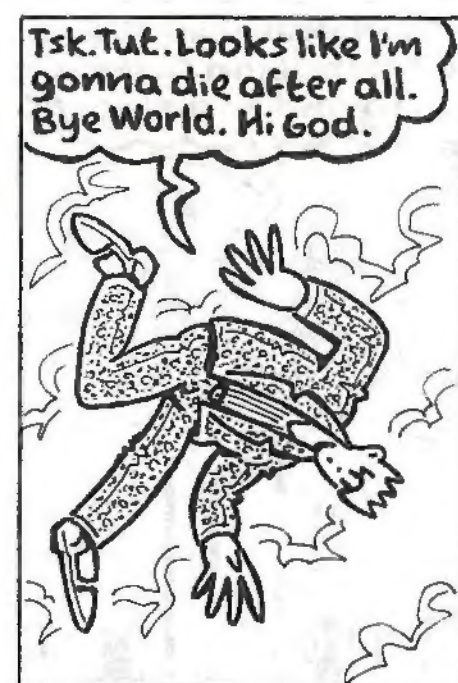
Schoolgirl passion slid into violent rage and Chemarettes' toxic base was the cause.

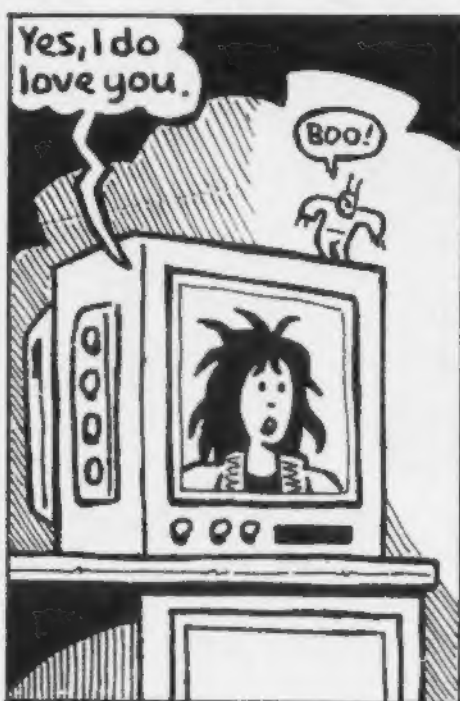


Of course Chemspil hid the evidence, but I know the truth and it's up to me to stop this havoc.

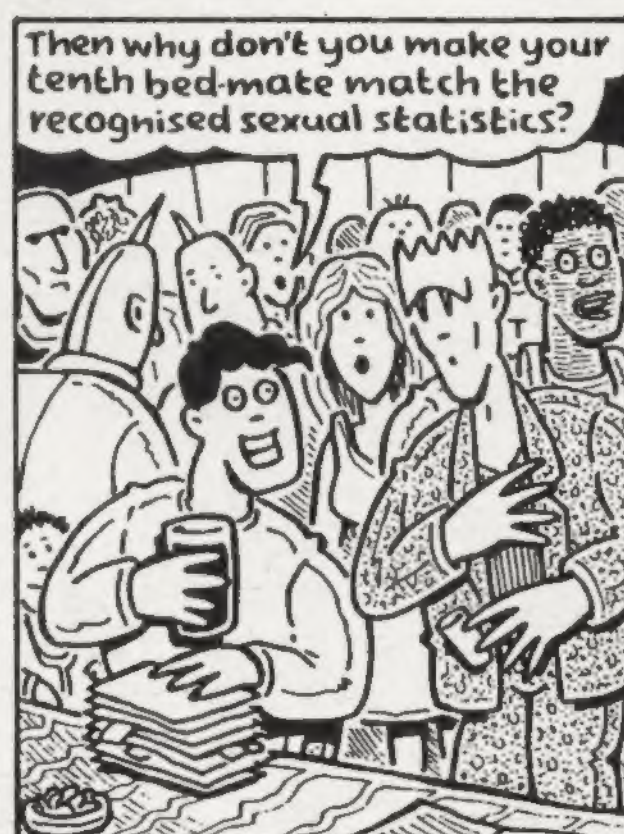
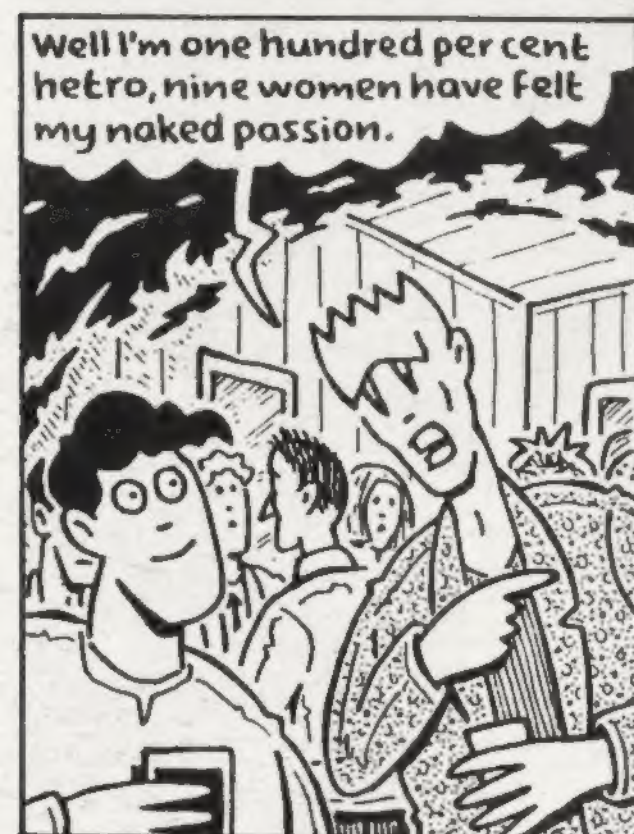
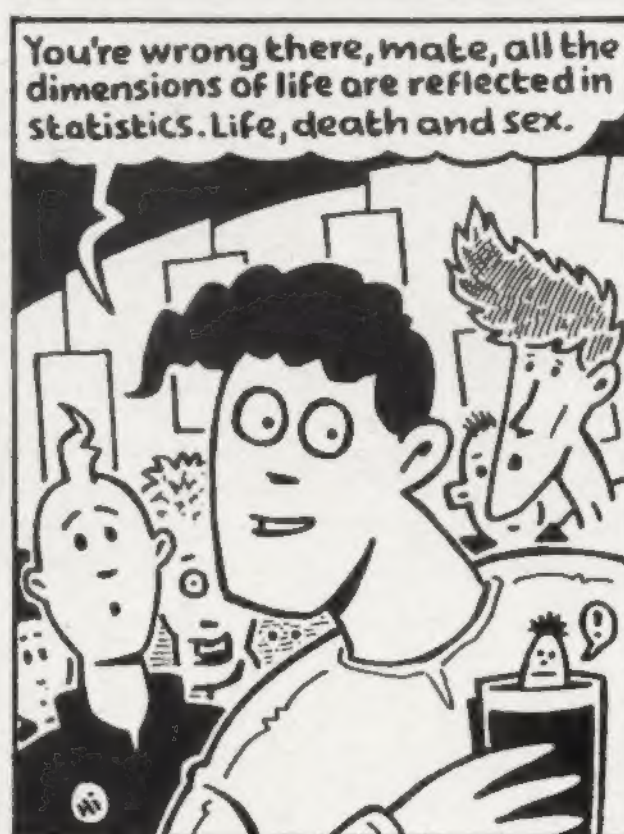








STATISTICAL MANOEUVRES IN THE PUB BY BOB LYNCH



THIS PAGE IS FOR DON MELIA WHO DIED IN AUGUST, 1992. HE ALWAYS WANTED ME TO DO A GAY SAV, BUT THIS IS THE CLOSEST I GOT TO ONE. BYE DON, THE WORLD IS AN EMPTIER PLACE NOW YOU HAVE GONE.